

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published early every Saturday Morning; and is forwarded, Weekly, and in Monthly or Quarterly Parts, throughout the British Dominions

No. 175. LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1822. Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

Notes on Orkney and Zetland; illustrative of the History, Antiquities, Scenery, and Customs of those Islands. By Alexander Peterkin, Esq. Sheriff Substitute of Orkney. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 333. Edinburgh and London, 1822.

THE author, or, as he modestly styles himself, the compiler of these Notes, was induced to collect and publish them, partly in consequence of the public interest having been more than usually directed to the Orkney and the Zetland Islands, from their being made the scene of Sir Walter Scott's recent novel of 'the Pirate,' and partly from a consideration undoubtedly of more importance, that they might be useful to the district with which he is officially connected. Of both their interest and their utility we are inclined to think very highly. The accounts of Orkney by Wallace and Barry are now very scarce books, and are, besides, unsatisfactory in many particulars on which the Notes before us throw great light. With Zetland, the valuable work of Dr. Edmonstone, published a few years ago, has made the public better acquainted than with its sister island; yet Mr. Peterkin has collected a great deal of information respecting it, which we believe, with him, has not found its way to the inhabitants through any other channel. His official situation appears to have given him opportunities of access to original records and papers not enjoyed by any preceding writer; and it is but justice to say that he has availed himself of them with much industry, and no small share of acuteness and discrimination.

The present, which is but the first volume of Mr. Peterkin's collection, contains: 1. An Account of a Visit to Orkney in 1818, including Orkney, a poem; 2. A Chronicle of Orkney and Zetland; and 3. A View of the Political State of Orkney and Zetland, with Notices of Gow, 'the Pirate.'

The 'Visit to Orkney' is stated to have been originally written for the

purpose of enabling Mr. William Daniel, of London, to select such portions of it as suited his work, 'A Voyage round the coast of Great Britain;' but the limited extent of the letter-press which accompanies that beautiful and, as Mr. Peterkin bears testimony, 'most faithful' delineation of various scenes in Orkney, circumscribed him in printing what was supplied; and 'the Visit' is therefore now given as originally written, with a few additions. It is of course in the descriptive style, but derives, we think, its chief interest from the historical recollections with which the author enriches his account of the monuments of antiquity which come under his observation. The remains of 'the Palace of the Earls of Orkney' furnish occasion for the following interesting picture of 'Earl Patrick's fall:—

'The restoration of bishops and the appointment of James Law to the see of Orkney in 1605, abridged the power and property of the earl. His extravagance surpassed his alleged extortions; and, becoming involved in debts and wants, he scrupled at no means, sufficiently common on every feudal estate throughout Scotland at the time, to supply his demands and gratify his love of power. The bishop's interests and his jarred. They both dissembled at first, but the bishop overreached him. They entered into a contract, by which the bishop agreed to leave the lands and revenues of the see during his life with the earl, upon condition of getting an annuity and "The Newark in the Yards" as a palace. This agreement, however, did not long subsist. Law cherished the clamours of oppression against the earl. He collected the grounds of complaint,—digested and procured accusations for the privy council and other corrupt courts of law in Scotland,—he plied the cupidity of James by the prospect of a forfeiture of the earldom to the crown, and fed his insatiable vanity by the most abject and ludicrous flattery. The removal of the earl would, at all events, free the see from his grants of it,—and promotion to the archbishopric of Glasgow was, in fact, the reward of the bishop's services. The earl was consigned to the loving kindness of a Scotch privy council. He was imprisoned alternately in the castles of Edinburgh and Dunbarton for several years, prosecuted in the most oppressive

manner, and, so far as can be discovered, was not divested of his estates and honours by any legal process or decree. It has been said, indeed, that the king, apprehending a landing of Spanish troops in some of the harbours of Orkney, in aid of the popish faction, who were very active at that time, bought up some debts upon the earl's estate, and, under this subterfuge, took possession of his castles and property. That he did buy up Sir John Arnot's mortgages on the earl's estate, and take possession of the earldom, is indeed certain. While in prison, the Earl of Orkney, indignant at these lawless proceedings, authorised his natural son to levy his rents and exercise the jurisdictions and powers conferred on him by legal grants; and that young man and his adherents in Orkney superseded the persons who had been arbitrarily appointed by the privy council to levy the earl's rents for the crown. The earl's son and friends drove out those intruders, surprised and took possession of the palace of Birsá, the castle of Kirkwall, the palace of the Yards, and the tower of the cathedral. The Earl of Caithness, a mortal enemy of the imprisoned earl, was commissioned to subdue this alleged rebellion. With five hundred men he besieged the different posts which the insurgents had taken. He drove the last of them into the castle of Kirkwall, where they stood a siege of three weeks, and surrendered on conditions which were violated. Military execution was done upon many of the unfortunate people who had defended their master's rights, never legally forfeited; the castle of Kirkwall was ordered to be "casten down," and the Earl of Caithness even "went about to demolish and throw down the church, but he was with great difficulty hindered and stayed by the Bishop of Orkney, who would not suffer him to throw it down." These occurrences took place betwixt 1609 and 1614. The earl was, in February, dragged from his prison into the Court of Justiciary, without receiving any intimation of the crimes laid to his charge. He was accused at its bar, without any previous indictment, of treason, lese majesty, rebellion, and other such crimes; and, on his remonstrance, he was indulged with half an hour to retire with his counsel into an adjacent apartment, for the purpose of concerting with them the defence he should make. Upon the evidence chiefly of his own son, that the insurrection in Orkney was sanctioned by the earl's permission, although that evidence had been

extorted, it is said, by a promise that it was not to be used against the father, and upon other circumstances, twisted and stretched for the purpose, Patrick, Earl of Orkney, was declared guilty by a courtly jury, and condemned to die as a traitor and rebel. His royal cousin permitted all this, although Patrick cast himself entirely on his justice and generosity; and he was beheaded at Edinburgh in February, 1615. His son and associates also suffered death about the same time; and, after all that has been said about his oppressions, it was not for these that Earl Patrick suffered, but because he resisted an arbitrary resumption of what belonged to him of right. In the record, too, of his proceedings among the Northern Isles, it is plain that, if he perpetrated injustice towards the lieges, he did so through the instrumentality of worthless or ignorant and subservient juries. The record of his trial is extant: it is annexed to this volume: and the perusal of such documents is one of the exercises which should make every man rejoice that he lives in an age when such deeds of darkness and blood may safely be said to be impossible. When "the good old times" are spoken of, it is fit they should be contrasted with the day which is passing over our heads.

After this judicial murder, the earldom and bishopric were separated. Law not only got possession of the whole bishopric, newly modelled, in the first place, but was translated to Glasgow; and the earldom was annexed to the crown.

The palace of Kirkwall is also memorable as having been the last place which afforded shelter and hospitality to the gallant Montrose, in his final and luckless struggle for the House of Stuart. Some incidents connected with his fatal expedition, which are altogether omitted in the mere formal accounts of Orkney, are thus briefly noticed by Mr. Peterkin:—

In consequence of invitations from Robert, Earl of Morton, and of arrangements with him and others, Orkney was selected as the point from whence Montrose was to move in an expedition for the restoration of the second Charles. With this view, the Earl of Kinnoul and his brother were despatched from Holland with some Scots and Danish officers, and about 200 Danes as common soldiers. They landed in Orkney in the beginning of September, 1649, and were there joined by the Earl of Morton, the inferior gentry, and their dependents. Morton, as proprietor of the earldom, and from the nature of the tenures in that district, then the lord of the whole, assumed possession of the bishopric too, in virtue of a grant, real or forged, from the young king. A few days after, the chamberlain of the bishopric "found the Earl of Morton at Kirkwall carrying himself as chief commander of the said forces, whereabout the said earl and the Earl of Kinnoul fell out." But Morton died on the 19th of November, and, in a

few days afterwards, Lord Kinnoul also died, leaving his brother in command, and the troops and levies which were made in Orkney quartered chiefly on the bishopric. The hero of the enterprize, Montrose himself, came to Orkney from Holland only in the end of February, or early in March, 1650, rallied and prepared his troops at Kirkwall until the beginning of April, and then embarked at Holm-sound for the main land of Scotland, carrying 2000 Orkney-men along with him as a part of his force. Having landed in Caithness, he secured the pass of Ord, and took the castle of Dunbeath; and, leaving his brother Henry to embody the Caithness men, who were friendly to his cause, he passed through Sutherland, where no resistance could be made to his advance. On the 27th of April, Halket and Strachan, two officers commissioned by the Estates, came up to his post at Carsbisdail, where Montrose had halted for auxiliaries. They attacked him, and his raw troops were instantly scattered, drowned in the river by hundreds, or slain in the fields by the peasantry. Montrose, having thrown off his cloak, decorated with the star of his order, and, it is said, even flung away his sword in the agony of defeat, escaped with young Kinnoul and six or seven more, and passed among the wilds, without food, into the wildernesses of Assynt. Kinnoul perished in the hills with fatigue and hunger; and at length Montrose, hunted "like a partridge on the mountains," and attended only by Sinclair, an Orkney man, was seized by the Highlanders, and carried to Ardreck, the house of M'Leod of Assynt.

Many other interesting passages in the Visit and in the Chronicle which follows it, we pass over for the present, in order to join to these notices of Earl Patrick and the gallant Montrose, some very curious ones of another great man in his way, 'Gow, the Pirate,' whose adventures Sir Walter Scott has made the foundation of his excellent novel.

'Ane exact double of Correspondence-Letters wrote betwixt James Fea, younger, of Clestran, and John Gow, alias Smith, Commander of a Pyrate Ship, about two hundred tons' burden and twenty-four mounted guns or thereby, and a true journal of the method of the said James Fea's taking the said ship and crew.'

*'Imprs.—*Upon the surprising arrivall of this notorious pyrate to the entrie of the port of Calfsound, the following letter was wrote by the said James Fea, to be sent on board. Meantime, the ship having touched ground in her turning up, they sent on shoar ther boat, craving assistance to sett outt their anchor to warp off; and itt not being thought proper to send a boat to them with the letter, James Laing, merchant in Carrick, was sent on board yr. wt. in the pyrate's own boat. A copy of the letter followeth:—

'Carrick, Saturday, 13th,

'10 Mattin of the cloack, Feb. 1725.

'Sir,—I have sent this bearer on board, intreating that, upon old acquaintance, you'll be pleased to forbear the usual compliment of a salutation, because of my wife's indisposition. Had she been well, I had come on board myself. All the inhabitants of this place have fled to the hills because of the bad reports yt. your enemies have reported of you thro' this countrey, qch. I hope is groundless, and non would adventure to come on board of you butt this bearer, whom I hope you'll return as soon as possible; for by his return the people may be willing to assist you, if need be, and you shall not want my assistance, so far as honour can allow me. No more, but that I am your old school com-merad.

'(Sic subscribitur) JAMES FEA.

'At twelve of the cloack the said day, the answer returned to the foresaid letter by the said Captain John Gow, to whom it was directed, the said James Laing being put on shoar again with their boat, which immediately returned to the ship again, was, that he would write non to any, butt to acquaint Clestran yt. if he would persuade his people to assist him and give him the use of boats, he would give him a most generous compliment, and desired that they should come on board presently.'

No attention, however, is paid to this request; and Gow sends a party of five armed men on shore to inforce it, who are, by a stratagem, seized and disarmed by Clestran and his servants. The pirate then condescends to write a letter to Clestran, but under the feigned name of John Gow *Smith*, in which, he says,—

'If you'll grant me your assistance, I hereby oblige myself to pay you the value of one thousand pound sterling; qch. if it be my misfortune to be shipwrecked, the government seizes all; and I'll take care they shall be nothing the better—only the guns; for I'm resolv'd to set fire to all, and all of us perish together. Therefore begs you'll advise your own advantage, together with my safety. Your men shall have twenty pence a-day for every day they assist me. I am, hond, sir, your humble servant,

'(Sic subscribitur) JNO. GOW SMITH.'

Clestran answers somewhat evasively, not absolutely refusing assistance, but inviting the pirate to come himself on shore to treat on the subject. In a second letter, which appears to have been intended for Gow's private information, he says,—

'The collector ordered me, if you came heir, to set the promontorie on fire for a signall to the friggats yt. are sent for to catch you; they'll certainly be here tomorrow or the next day. I therefore, for the regaird I have to your father's son, being heartily sorry for you that ever you should be so engadged with such a crew,

desire you to come on shoar, and believe you may expect better entertainment from me than any other; for if you do surrender you can be evidence against the rest, and I'll doe my best to make all for your advantage that in honour you can imagin. If you have any friend with you, take him alongst with you, and if you do not resolve to come presently send me word. Take this as a friendly caution, and if you take not my advice you'll certainly repent it. This in friendship from JAMES FEA.

Gow replies:—

'It is my misfortune to be in this condition at present. It was in your power to done oyrwayes, in makeing my fortune better since my being in the country. I have wronged noe man, nor taken any thing but what I have paid for. My design in coming was to make the country the better, qch I am still capable to doe, providing you are just to me. I thank you for the concern you have for my bad fortune, and am sorry I cannot imbrace your proposal as being evidence; my people have already made use of that advantage. I have by my last signified my design of proceeding, provided I can procure noe better terms. Please send James Laing on board to continue till my return. I should be glad to have the good fortune to commune with you upon that subject. I beg you'll please assist me with a boat, and be assured I doe noe man harm were it in my power, as I am now at your mercie. I cannot surrender myself prisoner: I'd rather commit myself to the mercie of the seas; so yt. if you'd incline to contribute to my escape, shall leave you ship and cargoe att your disposal. I continue, earnestly begging your assistance, honoured Sir, Yours to command,

(*Sic subscribitur*) JAS. GOW SMITH.

Clestran next proposes, through a speaking trumpet, that the pirates will give him an interview on a small uninhabited island in the bay; Gow, at first, consents to this, and an hour for meeting is appointed. Becoming, however, distrustful of Clestran, he changes his mind, and sends a servant only with two letters, one to Clestran, repeating his solicitations for assistance to get off his ship, and the other to Clestran's wife, begging her intercession with her husband, and accompanying a present of a chintz gown, 'made up only for clearing the duty.' Clestran, on this, writes him another letter, thus earnestly pressing his surrender:—

'I pray you seriously consider qt a thing it is to burn everlastingly: I pray you repent, and amend, and by soe doeing you'll get a sight of your folly, and turn unto the Lord, for he will have mercie, and takes no delight in the death of a sinner. He is certainly a mad man that would nott wish for the longest life, and evite the severest torments; and if you and crew would take a serious prospect of the blessed state of those who expect for-

giveness by the merits of a crucified Saviour, you would not despair, but repent and expect forgiveness, which certainly you'll get, if you heartily and faithfully doe. You wrote my wife, and offered her a compliment, which she did not want, and returned. However, she condoles your condition, and wishes you forever to doe well, and repent: I am a well wisher of all good men, and will be to you if you amend. This is the last you may expect from me.

(*Sic subscribitur*)

JAMES FEA.

Gow is at length enveigled on shore, and, as he had too surely dreaded, is seized and disarmed by Clestran, albeit he was his 'old school commarad.' His men, also, are, by means of feigned orders from their captain, one after another, made prisoners, and the ship finally taken possession of by Clestran's people. So important a capture makes a great noise in the island; but, among the ladies of Orkney, it produces other feelings than those of perfect satisfaction. Gow, it would seem, like his prototype, the hero of the novel, had, either by dint of his chintz pieces or his personal attractions, been a favourite amongst them; some letters he had been honoured with from them are reported to have fallen into the hands of the captor, Mr. James Fea, and with the following curious letters on this subject, the correspondence respecting 'Gow the Pirate,' closes:—

'Miss Betty Moodie's Letter to Mr. James Fea of Clestran.

'Sir,—I wish you good success and prosperity in your affairs, and shall be glade to hear that the rewards given you may be suitable to the merit of the action, so that you may be encouraged to go on in the straight pathes of virtue and untented honesty, which only leads to honour hear, and eternal happiness hereafter; that only can give peace at the last, when all other politickes will be of no use. I am sorry that som of our countray are like to com to truble by that miserable man Gow; I wish the ino-sant may not be made to suffer, whill the gulty is lick to go free. There is severall informations given hear, both publick and privit, that there was letters found with Gow, which made som discovery of the correspondence held betwixt him and a sertan lady and her accomplices. Sir, I hope, if there be any such letters in your custody, or whatever confession Gow hess made you on that particular, you will favour me with an account of it, which, upon the faith and honour of a Christian, you shall not be known or seen in it: You know how I and my concerns are oppress'd; yea, and our wholl contray defamed and abused by that most wicked set of peopell, which have set themselves in oposition to the common intrest and quiet of all the contray. If you be obliged to give op what

papers wer found, if ther be any such letters, youl secure them, so as extracts may be got of them, wherof I hop youl procure me on, which will singularly oblige, Sir, Your sincere friend and most h. S.

(Sign'd)

ELIZ. MOODIE.

Ed. April 22, 1725.

Sir, I hop you'll favour me with a speddy answer.

'Mr. Fea's Answer.

'Madam,—I am honoured wt yours of the 22d instant, qrbv you are pleased to bestow your benevolent wishes towards extensive rewards for me, which your goodness is pleased to think I merite for apprehending the pyrate Gow. I hope, since Providence was pleased to make me the instrumat in this action for the public good, it will soe progressively detail the affair to my advantage as make me be thankful to the Fountain of all Goodness, and render you and the rest of my friends the satisfaction of seeing me suitably rewarded.

'I am sorry to understand that any more of the innocent be brought to trouble in this affair, and equally so that fame should have blotted any of your fair and fine (though begging pardon to say) revengeful sex with the guilt of ——— correspondence, which, if I could have made appear any manner of way, you may be assured, had shee been my moyrr or sister, you should not only been satisfied of your private demands, but I should have long ere now prostratt her to the public claim of justice.

'I have delivered upon oath all the papers come to my knowledge of that ship, where amongst they are non at all of any lady's of my acquaintance; and, I am glade I can say, as few of any other person that can prejudge them.

'If that obdurate and miserable man should hereafter confess any such intrigue, you shall be timously acquainted thereof by, Madam, Your mo. obt Servt.

London, 4th May.

JAMES FEA.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

Letters from Spain. By Don Leucadio Doblado. 8vo. pp. 483. London, 1822.

ALTHOUGH we have, in the last two numbers of *The Literary Chronicle*, devoted several columns to Spain and Spanish affairs in our review of Mr. Blaquiére's work, yet, such is the sterling merit of the volume before us, and so admirable and so lively a picture does it draw of that country, its religion, manners, customs, and peculiarities, that we feel persuaded our readers will be glad to find that we intend to dwell on it at some length.

Our readers will, perhaps, scarcely need to be told, that Leucadio Doblado is an assumed name; and, although there is a slight mixture of fiction connected with these letters, yet the author assures us of the reality of every

circumstance mentioned in them, and that they are the faithful memoirs of a Spanish clergyman, as far as his character and the events of his life can illustrate the state of the country which gave him birth. The author we believe to be the Rev. Blanco White, a Spaniard, who has resided many years in this country, where, if we mistake not, he edited a clever monthly periodical, called 'El Espagnol.' He is a gentleman who is not more esteemed for his literary talents than for his amiable manners, and he has long been honoured with the friendship of the noble author of the 'Life of Lope de Vega,' whom we believe to have written 'An Account of the Suppression of the Jesuits in Spain,' which forms an Appendix to the present volume.

We have deemed it necessary to state thus much of the author, as he has himself modestly withheld that simple statement which gives a weight and an importance to his narratives, which, however correct, mere anonymous authority could not convey. We have alluded to a slight mixture of fiction in these letters, and, therefore, lest we should be misunderstood on this point, we think it necessary to state that the only fiction is in the name,—in dating the letters from Spain, and in supposing the author to have returned thither after a residence of some years in England, whereas the letters were written in this country, which the author has never quitted for Spain. This volume contains thirteen letters; some of which have already been printed in the New Monthly Magazine. Every one of them is fertile in matters of interest, related in a style at once forcible and elegant, showing, even in the author's most lively descriptions, that he thinks profoundly and correctly, and giving very animated sketches of Spanish manners, customs, and opinions. The author dwells particularly on the state of religion or rather superstition in Spain, shows how it is blended with public and domestic life, neutralizing one and vitiating the other, and thus obstructing that political regeneration for which the enlightened part of the Spanish people so ardently long. He says, if you wish to become thoroughly acquainted with the national character of Spain, you must learn the character of the national religion, which divides the whole population into two comprehensive classes,—bigots and dissemblers. In speaking of some of the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic religion our author says:—

'God and the king are so coupled in the language of this country, that the same title of "Majesty" is applied to both. You hear, from the pulpit, the duties that men owe to "both Majesties;" and a foreigner is often surprised at the hopes expressed by the Spaniards, that "his Majesty" will be pleased to grant them life and health for some years more. I must add a very ludicrous circumstance arising from this absurd form of speech. When the priest, attended by the clerk, and surrounded by eight or ten people, bearing lighted flambeaus, has broken into the chamber of the dying person, and gone through a form of prayer, half Latin, half Spanish, which lasts for about twenty minutes, one of the wafers is taken out of a little gold casket, and put into the mouth of the patient as he lies in bed. To swallow the wafer without the loss of any particle—which, according to the Council of Trent, (and I fully agree with the fathers) contains the same Divine person as the whole—is an operation of some difficulty. To obviate, therefore, the impropriety of lodging a sacred atom, as it might easily happen, in a bad tooth, the clerk comes forth with a glass of water, and, in a firm and loud voice, asks the sick person—"Is his Majesty gone down?" The answer enables the learned clerk to decide whether the passage is to be credited by means of his cooling draught.'

It is generally known, that when a priest is conveying a consecrated wafer to a dying person, every person in the streets that hears the bell which announces the procession, must kneel until it passes; but this is not all, and you are not free from being disturbed by the holy bell in the most retired part of your house. Its sound operates like magic upon the Spaniards;—

'In the midst of a gay noisy party, the word "Su Magestad" will bring every one upon his knees until the tinkling dies in the distance. Are you at dinner?—you must leave the table. In bed?—you must, at least, sit up. But the most preposterous effect of this custom is to be seen at the theatres. On the approach of the host to any military guard, the drum beats, the men are drawn out, and, as soon as the priest can be seen, they bend the right knee and invert the firelocks, placing the point of the bayonet on the ground. As an officer's guard is always stationed at the door of a Spanish theatre, I have often laughed in my sleeve at the effect of the *chamade* both upon the actors and the company. "Dios, Dios!" resounds from all parts of the house, and every one falls, that moment, upon his knees. The actor's ranting, or the rattling of the castanets in the *fandango*, is hushed for a few minutes, till the sound of the bell growing fainter and fainter, the amusement is resumed, and the devout performers are once more upon their legs, anxious to make amends for the interruption.'

The eastern custom of building houses on the four sides of an open area is general in Andalusia. The houses are generally two stories high, with a gallery or corridor that runs along the sides of the central square, affording an external communication between the rooms above stairs, and forming a covered walk over the doors of the ground-floor apartments. These two suites of rooms are a counterpart to each other, being alternately inhabited or deserted in the seasons of winter and summer. About the latter end of May the whole population move down stairs, and in the middle of October they return to the upper story. The entrance to the houses lies through a passage with two doors, one to the street, and another to the middle door, which is generally shut in the day time; but the outer one is never closed but at night. Whoever wants to be admitted must knock at the middle door:

'The knock at the door, which, by the by, must be single, and by no means loud—in fact, a tradesman's knock in London—is answered with a—"Who is there?" To this question the stranger replies—"Peaceful people," *gente de paz*—and the door is opened without farther inquiries. Peasants and beggars call out at the door, "Hail, spotless Mary!" *Ave, Maria purisima!* The answer, in that case, is given from within in the words *Sin pecado concebida*: "Conceived without sin." This custom is a remnant of the fierce controversy, which existed about three hundred years ago, between the Franciscan and the Dominican friars, whether the Virgin Mary had or not been subject to the penal consequences of original sin. The Dominicans were not willing to grant any exemption; while the Franciscans contended for the propriety of such a privilege. The Spaniards, and especially the Sevillians, with their characteristic gallantry, stood for the honour of our Lady, and embraced the latter opinion so warmly, that they turned the watch-word of their party into the form of address, which is still so prevalent in Andalusia. During the heat of the dispute, and before the Dominicans had been silenced by the authority of the Pope, the people of Seville began to assemble at various churches, and, sallying forth with an emblematical picture of the *sinless* Mary, set upon a sort of standard surmounted by a cross, they paraded the city in different directions, singing a hymn to the *Immaculate Conception*, and repeating aloud their beads or rosary. These processions have continued to our times, and they constitute one of the nightly nuisances of this place.'

In his second letter, Don Leucadio Doblado gives an account of the various classes of society in Spain, and the

character of Spanish females. The general division of the people of Spain is that of nobles and plebeians: any person whose family, either by immemorial prescription or by the king's patent, is entitled to exemption from some burdens, and to the enjoyment of certain privileges, belongs to the class of nobility. *Noblesse* descends from the father to all his male children for ever. The least mixture of African, Indian, Moorish, or Jewish blood taints a whole family to the most distant generation; nor does the knowledge of such a fact die away in the course of years or become unnoticed from the obscurity of the parties. The province of Asturias is filled with *Hidalgos*, men who boast of the nobility of their blood, but who are engaged in menial employments, such as watermen, porters, and footmen:—

‘While these gentlemen *Hidalgos* are employed in such ungentle services, though the law allows them the exemptions of their class, public opinion confines them to their natural level. The only chance for any of these disguised *noblemen* to be publicly treated with due honour and deference is, unfortunately, one for which they feel an unconquerable aversion—that of being delivered into the rude hands of a Spanish Jack Ketch. We had here, two years ago, an instance of this, which I shall relate, as being highly characteristic of our national prejudices about blood.

‘A gang of five banditti was taken within the jurisdiction of this *Audiencia*, or chief court of justice, one of whom, though born and brought up among the lowest ranks of society, was, by family, an *Hidalgo*, and had some relations among the better class of gentlemen. I believe the name of the unfortunate man was Herrera, and that he was a native of a town about thirty English miles from Seville, called El Arahal. But I have not, at present, the means of ascertaining the accuracy of these particulars. After lingering, as usual, four or five years in prison, these unfortunate men were found guilty of several murders and highway robberies, and sentenced to suffer death. The relations of the *Hidalgo*, who, foreseeing this fatal event, had been watching the progress of the trial, in order to step forward just in time to avert the stain which a cousin, in the second or third remove, would cast upon their family, if he died in mid-air like a villain, presented a petition to the judges, accompanied with the requisite documents, claiming for their relative the honours of his rank, and engaging to pay the expenses attending the execution of a *nobleman*. The petition being granted as a matter of course, the following scene took place. At a short distance from the gallows, on which the four *simple* robbers were to be hanged in a cluster from the central point of the

cross-beam, all dressed in white shrouds, with their hands tied before them, that the hangman, who actually rides upon the shoulders of the criminal, may place his foot as in a stirrup,—was raised a scaffold about ten feet high, with an area of about fifteen by twenty, the whole of which, and down to the ground, on all sides, was covered with black baize. In the centre of the scaffold was erected a sort of arm-chair, with a stake for its back, against which, by means of an iron collar attached to a screw, the neck is crushed by one turn of the handle. This machine is called *garrote*—a stick, from the old-fashioned method of strangling, by twisting the fatal cord with a stick. Two flights of steps, on opposite sides of the stage, afforded a separate access, one for the criminal and the priest, the other for the executioner and his attendant.

‘The convict, dressed in a loose gown of black baize, rode on a horse, a mark of distinction peculiar to his class, (plebeians riding on an ass, or being dragged on a hurdle,) attended by a priest and a notary, and surrounded by soldiers. Black silk cords were prepared to bind him to the arms of the seat, for ropes are thought dishonourable. After kneeling to receive the last absolution from the priest, he took off a ring, with which the unfortunate man had been provided for that melancholy occasion. According to etiquette, he should have disdainfully thrown it down for the executioner; but, as a mark of Christian humility, he put it into his hand. The sentence being executed, four silver candlesticks, five feet high, with burning wax-candles of a proportionate length and thickness, were placed at the corners of the scaffold; and, in about three hours, a suitable funeral was conducted by the *posthumous* friends of the noble robber, who, had they assisted him to settle in life with half of what they spent for this absurd and disgusting show, might, perhaps, have saved him from this fatal end. But these honours being what is called a *positive act of noblesse*, of which a due certificate is given to the surviving parties, to be recorded among the legal proofs of their rank, they may have acted under the idea that their relative was fit only to add lustre to the family by the close of his career.’

Of the ladies our author gives some lively sketches, which we shall detach:

‘A foreigner must be surprised at the strange mixture of caution and liberty which appears in the manners of Spain. Most rooms have glass doors; but when this is not the case, it would be highly improper for any lady to sit with a gentleman, unless the doors are open. Yet, when a lady is slightly indisposed in bed, she does not scruple to see every one of her male visitors. A lady seldom takes a gentleman's arm, and never shakes him by the hand; but, on the return of an old acquaintance after a considerable absence, or when they wish joy for some agreeable event, the common salute is an embrace.

An unmarried woman must not be seen alone out of doors, nor must she sit *tele-a-tete* with a gentleman, even when the doors of the room are open; but, as soon as she is married, she may go by herself where she pleases, and sit alone with any man for many hours every day.’

‘The ladies' walking-dress is susceptible of little variety. Nothing short of the house being on fire would oblige a Spanish woman to step out of doors without a black petticoat, called *Basquina*, or *Saya*, and a broad black veil, hanging from the head over the shoulders, and crossed on the breast like a shawl, which they call *mantilla*. The *mantilla* is, generally, of silk trimmed round with broad lace. In summer-evenings some white *mantillas* are seen; but no lady would wear them in the morning, and much less venture into a church in such a *profane* dress.

‘A showy fan is indispensable, in all seasons, both in and out of doors. An Andalusian woman might as well want her tongue as her fan. The fan, besides, has this advantage over the natural organ of speech—that it conveys thought to a greater distance. A dear friend at the farthest end of the public walk is greeted and cheered up by a quick tremulous motion of the fan, accompanied with several significant nods. An object of indifference is dismissed with a slow formal inclination of the fan, which makes his blood run cold. The fan now screens the titter and whisper; now condenses a smile into the dark sparkling eyes which take their aim just above it. A gentle tap of the fan commands the attention of the careless; a waving motion calls the distant. A certain twirl between the fingers betrays doubt or anxiety—a quick closing and displaying the folds indicates eagerness or joy. In perfect combination with the expressive features of my countrywomen, the fan is a magic wand, whose power is more easily felt than described.’

The fourth letter is devoted to Spanish bull-fights and the national customs connected with those amusements. Seville is acknowledged to have carried these fights to perfection. We wish our limits would permit us to give the whole of this letter, but we can only find room for an extract descriptive of a bull-fight in the amphitheatre of Seville:—

‘The bull paused a moment, and looked wildly upon the scene; then, taking notice of the first horseman, made a desperate charge against him. The ferocious animal was received at the point of the pike, which, according to the laws of the game, was aimed at the fleshy part of the neck. A dextrous motion of the bridle-hand and right leg made the horse evade the bull's horn, by turning to the left. Made fiercer by the wound, he instantly attacked the next pikeman, whose horse, less obedient to the rider, was so deeply gored in the chest, that he fell dead on

the spot. The impulse of the bull's thrust threw the rider on the other side of the horse. An awful silence ensued. The spectators, rising from their seats, beheld in fearful suspense the wild bull goring the fallen horse, while the man, whose only chance of safety depended on lying motionless, seemed dead to all appearance. This painful scene lasted but a few seconds; for the men on foot, by running towards the bull, in various directions, waving their cloaks and uttering loud cries, soon made him quit the horse to pursue them. When the danger of the pikeman was passed, and he rose on his legs to vault upon another horse, the burst of applause might be heard at the farthest extremity of the town. Dauntless, and urged by revenge, he now galloped forth to meet the bull. But, without detailing the shocking sights that followed, I shall only mention that the ferocious animal attacked the horsemen ten successive times, wounded four horses, and killed two. One of these noble creatures, though wounded in two places, continued to face the bull without shrinking, till, growing too weak, he fell down with the rider. Yet these horses are never trained for the fights; but are bought for the amount of thirty or forty shillings, when, worn out with labour or broken by disease, they are unfit for any other service.

A flourish of the bugles discharged the horsemen till the beginning of the next combat, and the amusement of the people devolved on the *Banderilleros*—the samewhom we have hitherto seen attentive to the safety of the horsemen. The *Banderilla*, literally, little flag, from which they take their name, is a shaft of two feet in length, pointed with a barbed steel, and gaily ornamented with many sheets of painted paper, cut into reticulated coverings. Without a cloak, and holding one of these darts in each hand, the fighter runs up to the bull, and stopping short when he sees himself attacked, he fixes the two shafts, without flinging them, behind the horns of the beast at the very moment when it stoops to toss him. The painful sensation makes the bull throw up his head without inflicting the intended blow, and while he rages in impotent endeavours to shake off the hanging darts that gall him, the man has full leisure to escape. It is on these occasions, when the *Banderilleros* fail to fix the darts, that they require their surprising swiftness of foot. Being without the protection of a cloak, they are obliged to take instantly to flight. The bull follows them at full gallop; and I have seen the man leap the barrier, so closely pursued by the enraged brute, that it seemed as if he had sprung up by placing the feet on its head. Townshend thought it was literally so. Some of the darts are set with squibs and crackers. The match, a piece of tinder made of a dried fungus, is so fitted to the barbed point, that, rising by the pressure which makes it penetrate the skin, it touches the train of the fireworks. The

only object of this refinement of cruelty is, to confuse the bull's instinctive powers, and, by making him completely frantic, to diminish the danger of the *Metador*, who is never so exposed as when the beast is collected enough to meditate the attack.

At the waving of the president's handkerchief, the bugles sounded the death-signal, and the *Matador* came forward. Pepe Illo, the pride of this town, and certainly one of the most graceful and dextrous fighters that Spain has ever produced, having flung off his cloak, approached the bull with a quick, light, and fearless step. In his left hand he held a square piece of red cloth, spread upon a staff about two feet in length, and in his right a broad sword not much longer. His attendants followed him at a distance. Facing the bull within six or eight yards, he presented the red flag, keeping his body partially concealed behind it, and the sword entirely out of view. The bull rushed against the red cloth, and our hero slipped by his side by a slight circular motion, while the beast passed under the lure which the *Metador* held in the first direction, till he had evaded the horns. Enraged by this deception, and unchecked by any painful sensation, the bull collected all his strength for a desperate charge. Pepe Illo now levelled his sword at the left side of the bull's neck, and, turning upon his right foot as the animal approached him, ran the weapon nearly up to the hilt into its body. The bull staggered, tottered, and dropped gently upon his bent legs; but had yet too much life in him for any man to venture near with safety.—The unfortunate Illo has since perished from a wound inflicted by a bull in a similar state. The *Metador* observed, for one or two minutes, the signs of approaching death in the fierce animal now crouching before him, and at his bidding, an attendant crept behind the bull and struck him dead, by driving a small poniard at the jointure of the spine and the head. This operation is never performed except when the prostrate bull lingers. I once saw Illo, at the desire of the spectators, inflict this merciful blow in a manner which nothing but ocular demonstration would have made me believe. Taking the poniard, called *Puntilla*, by the blade, he poised it for a few moments, and jerked it with such unerring aim on the bull's neck, as he lay on his bent legs, that he killed the animal with the quickness of lightning.

Four mules, ornamented with large morrice-bells and ribbons, harnessed abreast, and drawing a beam furnished with an iron hook in the middle, galloped to the place where the bull lay. This machine being fastened to a rope previously thrown round the dead animal's horns, he was swiftly dragged out of the amphitheatre.

So partial are the Spaniards to bull-fights, that our author mentions a blind gentleman who is a constant attendant at the amphitheatre.

(To be continued.)

No Enthusiasm. A Tale of the Present Times. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1822.

'No Enthusiasm!' What a title for a book on religion: the very essence of which is enthusiasm. Without enthusiasm what doctrine would ever have been propogated, what important discovery made, what invention matured or rendered useful to society? Indeed, without some portion of enthusiasm, we believe the author would never have written the volumes before us.

'No Enthusiasm' is a work, not the first of the kind, in which the author endeavours to convey religious principles through the medium of an artificial narrative, and he quotes a passage from Dugald Stewart as his authority; Mr. Stewart says, 'I believe that, by means of fictitious history, displays of character may be most successfully given, and the various weaknesses of the heart exposed.'

If higher authority were wanting, the author might urge it. St. Paul recommends it to the first teachers of Christianity to be 'all things to all men.' The maxim is of course to be taken *cum grano salis*. The line of demarcation must be determined by the relative bearings of religion, morality, and usefulness. Where none of these are infringed, the common vehicles of information are not only available but ought to be sedulously adopted, else, how are the dissenters to maintain in their worldly affairs, that war of interests to which our fallen nature is doomed, and in which experience and sagacity are left in a great measure to determine the issue of the divine will? The Saviour himself adopted the logic of the Jewish doctors, took up their hypotheses, and defeated them with their own weapons.

We congratulate the author of 'No Enthusiasm' on his fortunate expedient of inculcating the loftier tenets of his sect together with a clear apprehension of worldly manners and affairs by means of a novel. The hero is a Mr. Falkland, of a very good estate, though somewhat embarrassed, with suitable personal and mental accomplishments. He is fashionably inducted into life, and, making a graceful progress in his career, settles down in easy and felicitous circumstances. In the course of his adventures, his mind is wrought up to what the dissenters call 'a sense of spiritual things.' In brief phrase, he finishes with a confirmed belief in the doctrine of unqualified election by

grace. We shall not enlarge on this tempting topic either one way or the other, for the subject is out of our line. We are troubled with historical recollections, from which the author appears to have nothing to dread in this particular, of the feuds by which Christendom has been torn, first and last, on account of this very doctrine and its opposite one of free will. It is with the secular part of his design we have to deal. He is much to be congratulated on his success in mingling theology with the real accidents and events of practical life. He has dexterously traversed his hero through the most critical passes of it; nay, he has put him through the Inns of Court, and regularly trained him in the mazes of the law with purified morals and religious notions, only so much the more exalted by the furnace of probation. The events are simple and probable; the sentiments natural and apposite; the manners a little stale, and with too much of technical quaintness, but lively and free from the slightest impurity; the diction discovers more accuracy of observation than beauty or novelty of style. Accordingly, the descriptions are all allowable for probability; but they frequently fail in interest. The book, however, may be read with advantage by all classes and persuasions; and to gain a knowledge of the world is indispensable to those whose religious habits and opinions prevent ordinary access to those epitomists of living manners, the novelists of this and the preceding age.

We venture to quote the following specimen of pulpit eloquence, which contributes, among many other accidents and opinions, to settle the religious faith of the hero. We quote it for the composition, having nothing to say upon the argument it contains. We must first sketch the outline of the discourse. The text was,—‘We have all sinned, and come short of the glory of God:’—

‘The preacher laid down, in the clearest and most impressive manner, the extent and enormity of our original and actual guilt. He traced it up to its source, in the inborn corruption and radical depravity of the natural heart. He confirmed his views by appealing to experience and to scripture; and, from the last, produced a variety of texts, which sounded in poor Falkland’s ears as so many denunciations of Almighty vengeance. He thence argued the utter impossibility of such a being as man being able to propitiate the divine wrath by any sacrifices of his own; and, having thus left all “without excuse,” he opened the glad tidings of full and free

pardon, through the atoning merits of a crucified Redeemer.’

‘Falkland listened with the most intense eagerness. One passage most particularly struck him:—“Look around you, my dear brethren, into the world at large, and what will you perceive; You will see some men trampling on every law both human and divine, blaspheming their Maker with their lips, and denying by their actions ‘the Lord who bought them.’ These men carry their condemnation in legible characters on their forehead. Of such we cannot for a moment doubt, that they have ‘sinned and come short of the glory of God.’ But are there not others of whom we must pronounce the same sentence, though they go not to such fearful lengths of iniquity—men who, intent on the acquisition of riches, of pleasure, of power, or of fame, are negligent only of what chiefly concerns them; and who rise in the morning, and lie down to rest at night,—and God is not in all their thoughts.’ Yet again—let us go a step higher—Do we not see men, moral and correct in all their conduct, careful of their word, tender and affectionate in their various relations of husbands, brothers, fathers—aye, and scrupulously observant, perhaps, of all the externals of religion, labouring to work out for themselves a pharisaical self-righteousness, as the ground of reconciliation with their God, and to present to his acceptance the muddy streams which must flow from a polluted fountain. My brethren, be not deceived—If the Bible be the word of God—if our blessed Saviour shed his blood upon the cross for the remission of our sins—if the human heart cannot bring forth acceptable fruits, till it has been renewed by divine grace, we must conclude that these men equally deceive themselves, and equally ‘come short of the glory of God.’”

Journal of a Voyage to Greenland in the year 1821; with Graphic Illustrations. By George William Manby, Esq.

(Concluded from p. 578)

We have already stated that Captain Manby had not sufficient opportunity of trying the gun-harpoon, though he felt confident of its success; indeed, the whales themselves seemed aware of its certain destruction by carefully keeping clear of his boat, while they played about within ten yards of the boats furnished with the hand-harpoon. He also alludes to ‘a disgraceful trick having been employed to defeat his gun going off,’ but does not mention what the trick was. Though our author could not kill any game himself, he freely participated in the chase, and never, he says, not even in his youth, when numbered with the keenest of sportsmen, did he feel so

much delight at the sight of game as on seeing a whale within reach of the harpooner. He gives an account of the captures of several fish, but, as there is nothing peculiar attending them, we shall pass them over, and give an account of a finner, the *Balæna Physalis*:

‘This is not only the largest of the whale tribe, but the most powerful of created beings, which, from the great danger attending the attack of it, the small produce of blubber, and the inferior quality of the lamine, roams undisturbed by the fishers. The length of the physalis is stated to be upwards of one hundred feet, and its circumference thirty-five feet. It derives its name from a fin upon its back near the tail; its habits are unlike the mysticetus, for it never rests upon the surface of the water when it comes up to blow, but keeps moving with great speed and activity. Some daring fishers have attempted to take it with a harpoon, but the instant it is struck it sets off with prodigious velocity, soon dragging the boat through the water, beyond the reach of assistance and out of sight of the ship and boats, so that the fishers are obliged to cut the line for their own security. Captain Scoresby stated to me the following particulars of attempts which he had made to capture one of these formidable creatures. “In the year 1818, I ordered a general chase of them, providing against the danger of having my crew separated from the ship, by appointing a rendezvous on the shore not far distant; I prepared also against the loss of much line, by dividing it at two hundred fathoms from the harpoon, and affixing a buoy at the end of it. Thus arranged, one of these whales was shot and another struck: the former dived with such impetuosity, that the line was broken by the resistance of the buoy as soon as it was thrown into the water; and the latter was liberated in a minute, by the separation of the line, occasioned, it was supposed, by its friction against the dorsal fin. Both of them escaped. Another physalis was struck, but dived with such velocity, that four hundred and eighty fathoms of line were drawn from the boat in about a minute of time, and the fish was lost by the breaking of the line.”

Of a Polar bear, which was killed by the crew of the *Baffin*, Capt. Manby gives a minute account:—

‘Seeing that he was going leisurely to a large floe of ice at some distance, we got within a hundred yards of him before we were noticed; when he instantly turned to endeavour to regain the ice, and we rowed with all our might to cut him off, finding that he failed in his object, he changed his route to face the boat, and approached it, keeping up a continued growling, with other indications of rage, such as shewing his frightful teeth, and elevating his head and much of his body out of the water. Being desirous to preserve the head of an animal represented to be of

an unusual size, I let him come within twelve yards, when I fired a ball through his shoulder, which deprived him of the use of a fore leg, when he roared hideously, pressed towards us in the most ferocious manner, and endeavoured to board or upset the boat, but failed from the loss of his leg: he was then attacked by the crew with lances, the thrusts of some of which he avoided with astonishing dexterity, and, in the most resolute manner, again made several attempts to reach the boat, but being repulsed by an overpowering thrust of a lance from the harpooner on his flank, he was unable longer to hold the contest. During its continuance he had bitten a lance with such exasperated rage, as to break one of his long tusks: finding battle fruitless in the water, he retreated towards the ice, swimming most astonishingly fast, considering the great propelling power which he had lost from the wound in his fore leg; he reached the ice, which he ascended with great difficulty, having only one fore paw to assist him. Determined to injure the skin as little as possible, and to attack him in front, I got upon the ice, and was about to fire another ball to free him from his sufferings, when he uttered a tremendous growl, and fell down dead; as it now began to snow very fast, no time was lost in launching, towing, and hoisting him on board the ship.

Our author relates several instances of the strength and ferocity of the polar bear, from Lewis, Cook, and other voyagers; these must be familiar to most of our readers, and we, therefore, prefer quoting a brief but interesting account of West Greenland:—

‘This remote region, called by geographers of northern countries, West Greenland, is presumed to reach from the southernmost point of Cape Farewell and Statenbrook on the right side, in the 60th degree of north latitude, north-east towards Spitzbergen, as far as the 80th degree of north latitude. This eastern side is almost totally unknown, being rendered inaccessible by the great quantity of floating ice, which, probably forming a compact body to the land, prevents all communication with it: the distance was too far and the weather not sufficiently clear to enable me to ascertain the precise nature of the coast; but, by the aid of a good glass and much attention, I succeeded in making a correct resemblance of its character, so as to distinguish its features, determine the great evenness of the surface of its mountains, the singular point of one and the ruggedness of another: I could also plainly see that the snow was confined only to its valleys, that there was none upon its loftier lands, and that the face of these last did not wear the appearance of sterile rock, but was veined with variegated colours, as if spread over with a little earth, turf, or a scanty covering of vegetation. A prospect like this greatly interested me, being persuaded that many va-

luable objects of natural history would consequently be furnished by these regions. The range of country which I could distinguish extended from north-west to north-north-west, and uniformly bore the same character.

‘The only history of this almost unknown land, and particularly of the eastern side, is, that it was first peopled by Icelanders in the tenth century, but their colonization did not extend to the southern limits of the arctic circle; they soon became a thriving colony, and bestowed on their new habitation the name of Groenland or Greenland. This colony was converted to Christianity by a missionary from Norway, sent thither by the celebrated Olaf, the first Norwegian monarch who embraced the Christian religion. The Greenland settlement continued to increase and thrive under his protection; and, in a little time, the country was provided with many towns, churches, convents, bishops, &c. under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Drontheim. A considerable commerce was carried on between Greenland and Norway; and a regular intercourse maintained between the two countries till the year 1406, when the last bishop was sent over. About this time, by the gradual increase of the arctic ice, the colony appears to have been completely imprisoned in the frozen ocean; while on the west a range of impassable mountains and plains, covered with perpetual ice and snow, precluded all access. The ancient settlement may be traced in the map of Torfaeus, in his *Groenlandia Antiqua*; from which it would seem that the colony extended over about two hundred miles in the south-east extremity of Greenland. On the west, some ruins of churches have also been discovered. About a hundred years after all intercourse between Norway and Greenland had ceased, several ships were sent successively by the Kings of Denmark, in order to discover the eastern district, but all of them miscarried. Among these adventurers, Magus Hennisen, after having surmounted many difficulties and dangers, got sight of the land, which, however, he could not approach. At his return, he pretended that the ship had been arrested in the middle of her course by rocks of load-stone at the bottom of the sea.

‘The same year, 1576, in which this attempt was made, Captain Martin Frobisher was sent on the same errand by Queen Elizabeth. He likewise descried the land; but finding it so difficult of approach, returned to England; but not before he had sailed sixty leagues in the strait which retains his name, and landed on several islands, where he had some communications with the natives. He had likewise taken possession of the country in the name of Queen Elizabeth; and brought away some pieces of ore, from which the refiners of London extracted a proportion of gold. In the ensuing spring, he undertook a second voyage, at the head of a small squadron equipped at the ex-

pense of the public; entered the straits again; discovered upon an island a gold and silver mine; bestowed names upon different bays, islands, and headlands; and brought away a lading of ore, together with two natives, a male and a female. Such was the success of this voyage, that another squadron was fitted out under the command of the same officer, with the rank of admiral; it consisted of fifteen ships, including a considerable number of soldiers, miners, smelters, carpenters, &c., who were to remain all the winter in a wooden fort, the different pieces of which they carried out in the transports. They met with boisterous weather, impenetrable fogs, and violent currents, which retarded their operations until the season was too far advanced. The admiral, therefore, determined to return with as much ore as he could procure: of this they obtained large quantities out of a new mine, to which they gave the name of the Countess of Sussex. They set sail in the beginning of September, and, after a month's stormy passage, arrived in England; but this adventure was never after prosecuted.

‘Thus stood the affairs of Greenland, when Hans Egede, minister of Vogen, in Norway, prompted by a laudable zeal to promote the knowledge of Christ among the savage Greenlanders, made some proposals for renewing the intercourse between Denmark and Norway, and Greenland, which had been discontinued for many centuries. Most of the friends and acquaintances of this worthy divine, when they heard of his project, looked upon it as a chimerical undertaking. However, in 1718, he resigned his benefice in the south part of Norway, and removed, with his wife and children, to Bergen. His proposals did not meet with a favourable reception, either from the merchants or clergy of that city; he, therefore, went to Copenhagen in 1719, and laid his plan before the king; who sent an order to the magistrates of Bergen, to propose to the citizens the erecting of a Greenland company. This, after many difficulties, was at last effected in 1721, and a capital of ten thousand rix dollars was raised for that purpose.

‘The new established company fitted out three ships for Greenland, and the indefatigable Egede was sent thither as missionary, furnished with three hundred guilders by the society for propagating the gospel at Copenhagen. It was not without great danger and difficulty, that the single ship which had the missionary on board, at length arrived off Baal's river, on the west side of Greenland, and wintered in an island there. M. Egede and forty men that remained with him, immediately set about building a house, in which the natives readily assisted them. The new colony thus commenced, was from year to year carefully supplied with necessaries by the company; but the trade carried on with Greenland brought in no great profit. In the mean time, the

missionary employed his time in learning the Greenland language, and, by his liberality and suavity of manners, so endeared himself to the inhabitants, that the respect they shewed him in some particulars, far exceeded his wishes, for they entertained such an exalted idea of his piety and virtue, that all the sick flocked about him, imploring him to heal them, being persuaded that his breathing on them would restore them to health. His Danish Majesty, in 1728, caused horses to be transported to New Greenland, in hopes that the settlers might thereby travel over land to eastern or Old Greenland. Lieutenant Richards, in a ship which had wintered near the new Danish colony, also attempted, on his return to Denmark, to land in old Greenland, but all his efforts proved abortive. M. Egede gave it as his opinion, that the only practicable method of reaching that part of the country, would be to coast north about in small vessels, between the great ice fields and the shore; as the Greenlanders had declared that the currents which rush continually from the bays and inlets, and run south-westward along the shore, prevent the ice from adhering to the land, so that there is always a channel open, through which vessels of small burden might pass, especially if lodges were built at proper distances on the shore, for the convenience and direction of the adventurers. In 1731, a royal edict was published, enjoining all the king's subjects in Greenland to return home; and the colonies were thereby dissolved. But M. Egede, being zealous for the salvation of the inhabitants, staid behind, together with his family and some others who chose to follow his fortunes. This zealous man, who was called the arctic apostle, feeling a deep desire to explore the eastern side, accompanied some Greenlanders, who went fifty leagues for the purpose of catching deer, to determine if it was practicable; and, on the 2nd of September, 1731, he fitted out an expedition from the west side to explore the opposite boundary; when, having passed over much uneven ice, full of clefts, he was compelled to relinquish the enterprise after five days' toil, the particulars of which are thus related:—"About north-east or east north-east, are the nearest hills on the eastern side; they are less than those on the west-side, which I supposed from hence, because they were covered with snow. The country where Frobisher's strait is imagined to be, appeared pretty much above the level, and constantly covered with ice. I do not know that I saw more than two or three little hills that could be supposed land; on the contrary, towards the north-east and north-west, the rocks plainly rear their heads above the ice, and some of the tops are entirely naked of snow; I saw particularly one long hill between two huge rocks, whose bare backs looked altogether of the natural colour of the earth. Were I to give my sentiments of this whole icy region, that cuts off the communica-

tion with the east side, I should imagine that, as far as relates to the way, the journey might be practicable; for the plains of ice did not seem so dangerous, or the pits in it so deep as they are said to be."

The whale fishery having, until a few years since, been confined to the northward, about the latitude of 78° north, and never exceeding the longitude of 2° west, no ships consequently ever approached near the coast of Greenland. Captain Scoresby, however, deviating from the accustomed track of whale fishers, in 1817, penetrated into the western ice, and made the same land seen by us this day, and which appears to be that discerned in 1658, by Gaal Hamkes, and which is laid down in modern charts and called after its discoverer. The position of the ice having lately been observed to have much opened to the west, the whale fishers extended their pursuit to that point of the compass; and during the fishing season of last year, the ice had sufficiently moved away, to admit not only of the land being seen, but to leave no impediment to the approach towards it. Captain Scoresby, indeed, was so near the shore, that he had an opportunity of landing; but the concerns of the fishing, which necessarily occupied his first attention, prevented him from making those investigations and surveys which he would have gladly undertaken. This year he had hoped that the fishing might have led him again to the coast, and that some lucky circumstance might have afforded him an opportunity (without trespassing on the duties of his voyage) of ascertaining the fate of the lost colony, and of fixing the position of the most remarkable points of land. I had also an earnest intention to have gathered such correct geographical descriptions as were in my power, and to have made a faithful delineation of every circumstance interesting to the philosopher and naturalist.

"I cannot take my leave of this part of the unknown world, without expressing my anxious desire to exalt the fame of my country in discovery. And although disappointed of being among those who are to take possession of lost Greenland;—to delineate the extent of the country, which, from measurement by latitude and longitude is more than five hundred thousand square miles; to ascertain whether it forms a part of the continent of America in a continued line, or whether it is an island or an archipelago of islands; and lastly, whether considerable national advantage would not be derived from its productions, in promoting the interests of commerce;—I yet consider it my bounden duty to submit it, as worthy the attention of those who direct the affairs of state, to promote such an undertaking, in prosecuting which great national benefit might also be derived in the improvement of the whale fishery. An expedition of two ships, I have ascertained, might be sent out fully equipped for 8000l. or 10,000l., capable of performing a voyage of six or eight months: but if it were permitted that

the fishing might be conducted in such intervals as could not be appropriated to discovery, the expense would possibly be reduced to 6000l. In the success of such an expedition, I am most sanguine, and, were I blessed with fortune, I would not wish to increase the burdens of my country with the expense, but gladly bear the charge of the undertaking, in the confident expectation that much valuable information would be derived, beneficial to mankind and honourable to the fame of England."

Capt. Manby closes his work with an Appendix, containing some remarks on the whale fishery and on the application of the gun-harpoon, which he recommends as superior to any thing else of the kind *.

ENTOMOLOGICAL CURIOSITIES.

From the last number of the Edinburgh Review.

THE injuries caused by various insects to those vegetables which are objects of cultivation, comprise a very important branch of the history of these animals; and it is one, indeed, in which the labours of entomologists have really proved useful. By discovering the mode and times of their breeding, hatching, or laying eggs, observers have been enabled to point out the seasons at which it is most easy to destroy them. But their labours have also been of great use in tracing the animal through its transformations, and thus enabling us to determine the destructive parent of an innocent progeny, or the reverse. It may be worth while, for example, for housewives to know, that it is not the moth but the maggot that eats our blankets; and that, if such articles be exposed to light, during the laying season, they may be neglected all the rest of the year.

Many insects, in the state of larvæ, or maggots, destroy wheat, and that in such quantities as to cause serious losses in agriculture, amounting even to many hundred acres in some cases. They insinuate themselves into the young plants below the surface, and devour the centre of the shoot. The parents of these are various beetles (in the popular sense), of the genera *Carabus*, *Harpalus*, *Melolontha*, and others. But, of all these pests, that known by the name of the Hessian fly, in America, is the most formidable, although its systematic name and nature are yet unknown. The ravages of this insect were first noticed in 1776, and it was supposed to have been brought from Germany by the Hessian troops. Beginning in Long Island, it proceeded inland at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles a year, till at last it extended over a space of two hundred miles. "Neither mountains nor rivers

* We learn that we were in error in supposing the author of this work to be a naval officer, as he is a captain in the horse, and now barrack-master at Yarmouth. He has a brother a captain in the navy, which led us into the mistake.—REV.

stopped them; they 'crossed the Delaware like a cloud,' and even filled the houses of the inhabitants. Rye, barley, rice,—all other grains, in short, have their appropriate enemies; contending for possession against him who forgets that he himself is the greatest devourer of wheat and barley, rice and maize. But peas and beans, clover, turnips, grass, hops, tea, sugar, vines, apples, pears, and peaches, and what not,—all have their peculiar admirers among the insect tribes.

The account of the ant of Barbadoes, the *Formica Saccharivora*, is almost terrific; and we refer to it, because we know the authority to be good. We do not mean by this to insinuate that the word of the respectable authors is not valid. On the contrary, we think their own observations worthy of all confidence. But it is at the same time obvious, that they are somewhat too trusting—may we use the word credulous? with respect to many of their quotations from others. Perhaps this is an unavoidable effect of entomology, instead of that 'suspension of judgment' which we were promised from this study. But, indeed, if we admit all that Huber, Kirby, and Spence, have told us about bees and ants, and there seems no reason to withhold our assent, it is not very easy to say what we are not to believe respecting this most extraordinary part of creation. The ant in question appeared, it seems, 'about seventy years ago in such infinite hosts in the island of Granada,' as to put a stop to the cultivation of the sugar-cane. 'A reward of 20,000*l.* was offered to any one who should discover an effectual mode of destroying them. Their numbers were incredible: they descended from the hills like torrents; and the plantations, as well as every path and road for miles, were filled with them.' Rats, mice, reptiles, birds, and even some of the domestic quadrupeds were killed by them. 'Streams of water opposed only a temporary obstacle to their progress; the foremost rushing blindly on to a certain death, and fresh armies continually following, till a bank was formed of the carcasses of those that were drowned, sufficient to dam up the waters, and allow the main body to pass over in safety below.' They even rushed into the fires that were lighted to stop them. This pest was at length exterminated by a hurricane.

Of all the descriptions of armies of locusts that we have read, nothing comes near to that of Major Moore, the well-known author of the *Hindoo Pantheon*. When at Poonah, 'he was witness to an immense army' of these animals, 'which ravaged the Mahratta country, and was supposed to have come from Arabia.'—'The column which they composed, extended,' (as Major Moore was informed) 'five hundred miles; and so compact was it, when on the wing, that, like an eclipse, it completely hid the sun, so that no shadow was cast by any object; and some lofty tombs, distant from his residence not

two hundred yards, were rendered quite invisible.' Hasselquist tells us that the Pacha of Tripoli once raised an army of 4000 men to fight the locusts that had invaded his dominions. Queen Christina, on the same principle, had a train of artillery in her study, to war against the fleas. Of such enemies as these, it may fairly be said that their strength is in their weakness. Man, with all his machinery and his strategy, is not a match for these myriads of insignificant-looking creatures that assail him in all quarters; in his liver, his stomach, his skin, his house, his books, his food, his pleasures, and his repose. There is scarcely one of them all that might not drive him out of creation, were there no remedies provided against the consequences of that fertility with which they are so conspicuously gifted. The termites or white ant of the East and West Indies, is the most dexterous, at least, in the art of demolishing the wood of houses, and other matters of a solid nature. In a few nights they will destroy all the timber work of a large apartment, leaving nothing but the external coats of the wood, which, in the end they also demolish. These operations are carried on by a regular system of mining. Kœmpfer, an author worthy of all credit, relates that, during one night, the termites entered from the floor into one of the legs of his table; traversing the board in the same manner by a concealed passage as big as his finger, and returning down through the opposite leg into the floor below. They have even attacked and destroyed ships.

The care which insects take in depositing their eggs, and the provision which they lay up in many cases for the larvæ, are universally known. It is not common with them, however, to pay much personal attention to the eggs when once laid, nor to have any communication with their young. But the earwig, a much 'traded' and motherly animal, say our authors, sits on its eggs, and, if they are forcibly dispersed, will collect them again. The young ones, when 'hatched, creep like a brood of chickens under the belly of their gentle mamma, who very quietly suffers them to push between her feet, and will often, as De Goer found, sit on them in this posture for some hours.' A certain field-bug, the *Cimex Griscus*, 'conducts her family of thirty or forty young ones as a hen does her chickens. She never leaves them; and, as soon as she begins to move, all the little ones closely follow, and, whenever she stops, assemble in a cluster round her.' A branch of a tree thus peopled having been cut off, 'the mother showed every symptom of excessive uneasiness. In other circumstances, such an alarm would 'have caused her immediate flight; but now she never stirred from her young, but kept beating her wings incessantly with a very rapid motion, evidently for the purpose of protecting them from the apprehended danger.' Thus, also, spiders carry out about their nest or egg-

bag, which they protect with the greatest care; and even after they are hatched, the young ones are carried about on the mother's back.

The luminous properties of many insects form a notable part of their economy. The glow-worm and the fire-flies of Italy and the West Indies are known to every one, at least by reputation. In the glow-worm, there is a receptacle of the luminous matter near the tail. The elater noctilucus carries its light in four places; two in the thorax, and two under the wings. Hence this creature is most brilliant when flying. The light is so bright as to serve, when very near, to read the smallest print. In St. Domingo, it is said, they were formerly used by the natives as candles, as they are in many places for nocturnal ornaments.

The marine insects share this property with the marine worms, and even with the fishes; so that, as far as general considerations are concerned, we need not, and cannot well separate them. In the examination of many hundred species of marine animals of all kinds, we have found no exception to this rule, and may therefore fairly consider it as universal. In some it is diffused over the whole surface; in others, as in the medusæ, bercees, and holothurians among the worms, and the squillæ and cyclopes among the insects, it resides in a single spot. The colour of the light varies in different animals; we have seen it red, yellowish, violet, and pale, resembling moonlight. It is evident that, in many, it is under the command of the will, as in some of the land-insects. Irritation of any kind, such as friction of a line or agitation of the water, excites it readily; but if the animals are confined in a limited quantity of water, they soon become tired of showing their powers; and, after one or two sparks, cease to give light until roused again at some distant time.

In the land-insects, a yellowish fluid has been observed to be the seat of the light; but its nature and situation have not been discovered in any of the marine ones; except inasmuch as, in some of the fishes, it is entangled in the mucous secretion of the skin. In this case it is diffusible in water, without immediately losing its properties. When it is excited by friction, it has been supposed to be in consequence of that diffusion. But it cannot thus be produced in a dead animal. It is probable, therefore, that it is a living action; and this is confirmed by the fact, that if a shoal of herrings is alarmed by any noise, the whole instantly becomes luminous.

This is the light then which produces the luminous appearance of the sea,—a phenomenon often splendid, and sometimes terrific, on which so much has been written to so little purpose. Sea-water is never luminous, except when it contains animals of some kind; and, wherever the lights are large and brilliant, it is very easy to ascertain the animals from which it pro-

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ceeds. But it is often luminous, it is said, when no animals are present. This is a remark founded on carelessness; as it is scarcely possible, particularly near sea-coasts, where the luminous appearance chiefly prevails, to find a cubic foot of water that is not crowded with worms and insects, many of them invisible to the naked eye. It is these minute creatures that produce the more general diffused light, and which, in particular, cause that continuous line of it which attends the descent of a fishing line.

The scarabeus vernalis lays its eggs in small balls of dung, which it rolls up for that purpose; but if it meets with a sheep pasture, it is wise enough to adopt what it finds ready made. The caterpillar of the common yellow butterfly fastens itself to a wall by means of a silk thread, which, to ensure its adhesion, is attached to a flat preparatory web laid on the stone. But, upon being furnished with a piece of muslin, instead of the latter, it fastened the thread without any previous preparation. Thus, many other insects, if deprived of the substances which they commonly use for their nests, will find substitutes in something else. On a similar principle of accommodation, many of them alter their plans if disconcerted by an accident; varying them in such a manner as to meet the exigencies of the new case. The end of a cylindrical cell, constructed for the head of a caterpillar, having been cut off, and there being no room to replace it properly, the animal changed its place, and adapted it to receive the tail; making a new head piece at the other end. In the beautiful geometrical web of the garden-spider, many guys are required to keep it tense, and to prevent it from being blown away by the wind. These, however, cannot be fixed by any invariable rule, as they depend on the forms and distances of the various supports. Moreover, it is easy to see that they are distributed always according to the necessities of the case. If the position of a branch is altered, or a support taken away, a new guy is carried out to some convenient part; and, when it comes to blow, the spider may be seen strengthening his standing rigging, exactly at the places where his building is in want of most support. Dr. Darwin remarked that a wasp, which he watched, attempted to carry away a large fly which it had caught; when, after various attempts, in which the wind, by acting on the dead animal's wings, had impeded its flight, it alighted on the ground with its prize, snipped off the wings, and then bore away the carcase with ease. The same has been observed in the case of other insects, compelled, after several trials, to the necessity of biting away one part after another, till they had reduced their prey to a size capable of entering their holes.

The above extracts are from a review of Kirby and Spence's Entomology.

CELEBRATED TAILORS.

In an early number of *The Literary Chronicle* we inserted an article entitled 'Literary Shoemakers,' which gave a list of several sons of St. Crispin who had distinguished themselves in the republic of letters; we now give, as a companion to our former article, an account of several eminent tailors, not eminent in their profession, but for their valour or literary attainments.

Sir John Hawkwood, usually styled Joannes Acutus, from the sharpness of his needle, or his sword, leads the van. The arch Fuller says, he turned his needle into a sword, and his thimble into a shield. He was the son of a tanner, was bound apprentice to a tailor in London, was pressed for a soldier, and, by his spirit, rose to the highest command in foreign parts. He served under Edward III. and was knighted. He showed proofs of valour at the battle of Poitiers, and gained the esteem of the Black Prince. He finished his glory in the pay of the Florentines, and died, full of years, in 1394. His native place, Hedingham, Essex, erected a monument to his memory in the parish church.

Sir Ralph Blackwell was his fellow apprentice, and knighted for his valour by Edward III.; married his master's daughter, and founded Blackwell Hall.

John Speed, the historian, was a Cheshire tailor. His merit, as a British historian and antiquary, is indisputable.

John Stowe, the antiquary, was born in London, 1525; was likewise a tailor. In his industrious and long life he made vast collections, as well for the history and topography of his native city, as for the history of England. He lived to the age of 80, and died in poverty.

Benjamin Robins was the son of a tailor, of Bath; he compiled Lord Anson's Voyage, and had great knowledge in naval tactics.

Robert Hill, tailor, of Buckingham, was the first Hebrew scholar of his time—a knowledge acquired in the greatest poverty. He was a most excellent man, and had a large family to maintain. The Rev. Mr. Spence wrote his life, and formed a parallel between him and the celebrated Magliabecchi, librarian to the great Duke of Tuscany.

The first man who suggested the idea of abolishing the Slave Trade was Thomas Woolman, a Quaker and a tailor, of New Jersey. He published many tracts against this iniquitous species of trade; he argued against it in public and private; and made long

journeys to talk to individuals on the subject. In the course of a visit to England, he went to York, 1772; caught the small pox; and died, Oct. 7, in certain hope of that reward which Heaven will bestow upon the sincere philanthropist.

GEOGRAPHICAL DIVISION OF ENGLAND.

In the preliminary observations to the Population Returns of the census of last year, just published, we find the following remarks on the division of England into counties, hundreds, and parishes:—

The leading division of England into shires or counties appears to have been established by our Saxon ancestors above a thousand years since; almost all the counties being mentioned in history before the extinction of the Saxon heptarchy. In the Population Abstract, the counties are placed in alphabetical order, and in England each distinctly; but in Scotland it has been found necessary to join the shires of Cromarty and Ross, the former being as it were scattered in about fifteen separate fragments throughout the latter, and being indeed usually considered in modern laws as forming part of it. Much inconvenience is experienced by the inhabitants of the shires of Ross and Cromarty from these numerous "annexations," which were made by authority of two Acts of the Parliament of Scotland in 1685 and 1698, in favour of an individual, whose estate was thus consolidated into one jurisdiction.

The further division of the southern parts of England into hundreds is also unquestionably of Saxon origin, and probably in imitation of similar districts which existed in their parent country: but in what manner the name was here applied is not certain. At least one hundred (which in Saxon enumeration means one hundred and twenty) freemen, householders, answerable for each other, may be supposed originally to have been found in each hundred; for that the hundreds were originally regulated by the free population, is evident from the great number of hundreds in the counties first peopled by the Saxons. Thus Kent and Sussex, at the time when Domesday Book was compiled, each contained more than sixty hundreds, as they do at present; and in the counties which composed the ancient kingdom of Wessex, the hundreds are almost as numerous. In Lancashire, a county of greater area than any of these, there are no more than six hundreds—in Cheshire, seven; and, upon the whole, so irregular is this distribution of territory, that, while several hundreds do not exceed a square mile in area, nor one thousand persons in population, the hundreds of Lancashire average at three hundred square miles in area, and the population contained in one of them (Salford Hundred) is above 320,000.

This striking irregularity seems to have been felt as an inconvenience as early as the time of Henry VIII., when a remedy was attempted, ordaining *divisions* (called also *limits or circuits*), which still exist (more or less manifestly) in most of the English counties. These divisions appear to have been formed by a junction of small hundreds, or a partition of large hundreds, as convenience required in each particular case, and are recognised in subsequent acts which regard the maintenance and relief of the poor.

But time, which had caused the irregularity of the ancient hundreds, gradually has the same effect on more modern arrangements; so that, to alter the names or limits of the ancient hundreds would really be equivalent to inventing and being forced to learn a new and changeable language, instead of retaining in use that which has been established for ages. An instance of the inconvenience of such reform occurs in Wales, several of the counties of which were created by act of Parliament in 1535, and the ancient districts called *cantrefs* and *commots* altered into hundreds, by virtue of a commission under the great seal for that purpose; but the alteration was attended with much unexpected difficulty, three years, and afterwards three years further, being allowed for it by subsequent acts of Parliament; and, after all this deliberation, the new counties and hundreds exhibit more instances of indistinct boundary, that is of parishes and townships not conterminous with the county or hundred, than do the ancient counties; while the abolished *cantrefs* and *commots* are not yet quite forgotten, and occasionally cause some confusion.

Such innovations are really unnecessary, as temporary districts for present convenience will always be settled by the civil magistrates, or by custom, around each place where petty sessions are usually holden: and, in like manner, for the business of the lieutenancy of each county, subdivisions are formed from the ancient hundreds, subject to such alteration as circumstances may require.

In the northern counties, formerly exposed to hostile invasion, *wards* and *wapentakes* stand in place of hundreds.

The *rapes* of Sussex were military divisions at the time when Domesday Book was compiled; and the *lashes* of Kent may have had a similar origin, connected perhaps with the cinque ports, and for the defence of the coast against invasion. The divisions of Dorset underwent a change in the year 1740.

Original Poetry.

MY BOTTLE.

MR. EDITOR,—I am a great admirer, in spite of Lord Byron, of the poetry of nature, though not in that acceptation of the words into which it has pleased his Lordship and Mr. Bowles, 'cum multis aliis,' to misconstrue them. And I moreover look upon a piece of versification

entitled 'My Mary,' said to be the production of one William Cowper, and I have no reason to disbelieve the report, to be composed of very beautiful, poetical, and natural ideas,—it may be prejudice; however I wish it never had been written, because it has been a most unfortunate stimulant to the race of scribblers, to exercise their emulatory triplets, *παρὰδ' ὅντες*, as the scholiast to Aristophanes says; Ranae act 4. One of these sphinx-like productions, consisting of three separate parts with an additional tail piece, has crept into the Chronicle—I forget the number; here is another, which is curious as containing the original rhymes without any alteration: the way I came by this and several other *oddcumshortlies* as we say in Shropshire, I will tell you some other time.

MY BOTTLE,

AN ULTIMATE PARODY ON 'MY MARY.'
Dedicated to the admirers of Cowper's imitators.

'O imitatores servum pecus!'

My joy and pleasures are well nigh *past*,
My brandy bottle's die is *cast*,
I fear this dram will be thy *last*,

My Bottle.

Thy *spirits* soon will cease to *flow*,
I see thee hourly weaker *grow*,
'Twas my hard drinking brought thee *low*,

My Bottle.

Thy liquor once a pleasing *store*,
That ne'er was useless *heretofore*,
Is now near gone—'twill please no *more*,

My Bottle;

For though thou gladly would'st *full fill*
The same large tumbler for me *still*,
Thy strength now seconds not thy *will*,

My Bottle.

But thou hast well performed thy *part*,
And, though thou now diminished *art*,
Yet thou hast ever warmed my *heart*,

My Bottle.

Thy indistincter *gurglings* seem,
Like gurglings uttered in a *dream*,
Yet are these gurglings still my *theme*,

My Bottle!

Thy dark brown drops so sparkling *bright*,
Are far more pleasing to my *sight*
Than beams of lamp or candle *light*,

My Bottle.

For should I ne'er again see *thee*,
What sight worth seeing could I *see*?
Candles would beam in vain for *me*,

My Bottle.

The causes of thy slow *decline*,
Thy tenants long their house *resign*,
The drops once your's are now come *mine*,

My Bottle.

Though feebleness of limbs thou *provest*,
Yet still my heart thou ever *lovest*
To love thee, for I think thou *lovest*

My Bottle.

And now to drink and fear no *ill*,
From cold and frost to know no *chill*,
Methinks were very pleasant *still*;

My Bottle.

But, to my sorrow, now I *know*
That the full joy I oft did *show*,
Will be transformed to looks of *woe*,

My Bottle.

Should'st thou by future fate be *cast*
Away, in spite of all the *past*,
I fear that thou wouldst break at *last*,

My Bottle.

Though I could have made many very judicious alterations, I preferred sending the au-

thor with all his imperfections on his head, (for the tenth verse is positive nonsense,) and remain, Mr. Editor,

Your constant reader,
And obedient humble servant,
TIMOTHY A * * * * *

Square Hall,
Shropshire.

THE TEAR.

My tortur'd bosom heaves a sigh,
Beyond expression dear,
And vain I ask the reason why,—
'Tis followed by a tear!

But flow for ever, gently flow,
Emblem of silent sorrow;
And bid the heart oppress'd by woe,
One ray from Hope to borrow.

Fond memory, immortal treasure,
Why to my mind restore
Remembrance of departed pleasure,
That can return no more! THALIA.

THE MARINER'S GRAVE.

I REMEMBER the night was stormy and wet,
And dismally dash'd the wave,
While the rain and the sleet
Cold and heavily beat
On the mariner's new-dug grave.

I remember 'twas down in a darksome dale,
Close to a dreary cave,
Where the wild winds wail
Round the wanderer pale,
That I saw the mariner's grave.

I remember how slowly the bearers trod,
And how sad was the look they gave,
As they rested their load
Near its last abode,
And gaz'd on the mariner's grave.

I remember no sound did the silence break,
As the corpse to the earth they gave,
Save the night-bird's shriek
And the coffin's creak,
As it sunk in the mariner's grave.

I remember the tear that slowly slid
Down the cheek of a messmate brave;
It fell on the lid,
And soon was hid,
For clos'd was the mariner's grave.
Sept. 10. JESSE HAMMOND.

TO MARY.

WHY, when thou art absent, sweet girl, does
my cheek
With the crimson blush glow if thy name
should be spoken;
Say, dearest of maids, if it does not bespeak
Of love most sincere a demonstrative token

Say, is not the thrill thro' my bosom that flies
Or the rapture I feel, of life's pleasure the
foremost,

A sign that my thoughts are on her I most prize,
Expressive that thou art the girl I adore most.

Tho' absent, I fancy that still thou art near,
I feel thy soft cheek to mine own fondly
pressing,

I hear thy sweet lips breathing accents sincere,
And taste of a bliss that I fail in expressing.

Yes! yes! thou wilt say, as thou often hast
said,

Dear youth, that you love me these signs are
explaining;

And O! while my life shall exist, dearest maid,
That love I now bear thee shall still be re-
maining. SAM SPRITSAIL.

THE LAST LEAF.

The last leaf had fall'n as the winter's cold blast
Swept bleak o'er the desolate wild;
The bright beams of autumn were vanish'd and
past,
And the sun thro' a misty sky smiled.

The landscape was naked, no verdure appeared
To cheer the lone wanderer's eye;
But the smoke of the humble-roof'd cottage still
rear'd
Its light curling lead to the sky.

The elms that in summer had lent it a shade,
Now shook round it leafless and bare;
The cowslips no longer enamell'd the glade,
And the primrose no longer was there.

The rose that had blossom'd in spring round the
door,
Now seem'd like a pitiless thorn;
And the woodbine that mingled its branches
before,
By the rude howling storm had been torn.

The stream that so late o'er its pebbly-bed rush'd,
Now lay in its frozen bed still;
The voice of the high-soaring sky-lark was
hush'd,
And the thrush had forgotten his thrill.

Poor Marian beheld the last leaf as it fell,
And hid in her bosom the prize;
Her grief was too poignant for language to tell,
But it spoke in her eloquent sighs.

'And art thou thus fall'n without pity,' she
cried,
'The last of a numerous train?
'Ah yes! but thy race, by kind nature supplied,
'Shall bud and shall flourish again.

'Like thee, in the spring time of life I was
deckt,
'With the blossoms of pleasure and joy;
'And who, in the verdure of hope, could expect
'Stern grief would that verdure destroy?

'The summer appeared, and my William was
kind,
'And bright was the prospect of love,
'Round each heart the endearments of friend-
ship had twin'd,
'And each sought their affection to prove.

'The autumn arriv'd, and the cold dewy
shower,
'Cloth'd the woods in a sickly array,
'The roses no longer now blush'd in the bow'r,
'But budded and fell in decay.

'My William, too, droop'd like the bud on the
tree,
'When nipp'd by the tempest's chill breath
'His cheek would blush hectic when smiling
on me,
'Then yield to the paleness of death.

'Like the leaf in my bosom he linger'd awhile,
'And strove the rude winter to brave;
'But vain were his hopes, with a cold sickly
smile,
'He trembled, and sunk to the grave.

'And now in this desolate scene I behold
'The image of joys that are flown;
'Like the last-leaf my bosom is hopeless and
cold,
'And the verdure of comfort is gone.

'Like the stream of the valley that danc'd in
the ray,
'My life-blood is chill'd by despair;
'To the grave of my William I'll now bend my
way,
'And there shed my last bitter tear.

'The sun had declin'd, and his last golden
gleam,

'Was thrown on the grave of the youth;
'And, as faintly it shone, to compassion might
seem,

'The last smile of affliction and truth.

Poor Marian approach'd where the wide spread-
ing yew

Shed a mournful and pitiless shade;
And from its dark branches the night's chilling
dew,

Fell heavy and cold on the maid.

With a quick hurried step to the hillock she
past,

The last gleam of ev'ning had fled;
And o'er it the branches a shadow had cast,
As black as the pall of the dead.

She knelt on the grave, and her dark swim-
ming eye

Spoke the language of hopeless despair,
When, mingled with many a heart-rending
sigh,

Poor Marian thus utter'd her pray'r;

'Oh thou who beholdest the fall of the leaf,

'Receive with her last dying breath,

'Thy pray'r of the desolate victim of grief,

'Who hopes for repose but in death.

'My William—her pale lips could utter no
more,

Tho' they mov'd as her spirit inspir'd;

That spirit had fled, nature struggle was o'er;

She trembled, she sunk, and expir'd.

E. G. B.

Fine Arts.

MR. WEST'S GALLERY.

'Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever.'

SHAKESPEARE.—*Richard II.*, Act 2, S. 2.

I HAVE returned to the present sub-
ject again this week, as I feel rather
anxious to bring to a conclusion what I
have been loitering at for too great a
length of time; but it would be indeed
unpardonable to hurry over the remain-
der of this exhibition, while there yet
remain so many fine pictures to de-
scribe. The 'Death of General
Wolfe,' 76, we all have heard of, and
I should hope have most of us seen;
there have been several very good en-
gravings from this picture, but none
of them come up to the truth and beau-
ty of the original. This picture has
been retouched by Mr. West himself,
as some of the colours had faded from
time: what will not time subdue!!
Although this painting produces both
admiration and wonder from the spec-
tator, it is eclipsed even unto utter
darkness by No. 131, the 'Death of
Lord Nelson';—this has been praised,
but it can never be praised too much—
the strength of colouring, the judicious
dispositions of the figures, and the ex-
quisite pathos which the artist has dis-
played in this painting, were alone suf-
ficient to raise him to that rank of emi-
nence which he so deservedly holds. I
never witnessed any thing in painting

which moved my feelings to such a de-
gree as the figure and face of Nelson—
the smothered agony which bursts forth
in spite of all efforts to conceal it, the
sallow hue of death, which is already
spreading over the features; the swell-
ing and quivering lip; and the eye, in
which resignation, and hope, and cou-
rage, are visible even through the tear
that forces itself upon the darkening
sight—it is all real—it is *too much* na-
ture—and I would have no great opi-
nion of that man's goodness of heart
who could gaze upon this performance
unmoved; were I inclined to find fault,
perhaps I might say that some of the
figures are not quite animated enough,
at least they appear so when contrasted
with that of Nelson; but the brightest
star looks pale when the moon is in the
sky. To conclude, if this subject were
not calculated to draw forth the late
artist's powers of impressing the spec-
tator with terror, it was most eminently
adapted to give birth to feelings of a
higher and a better nature; to say that
this is a masterly performance is saying
nothing; to say it is worthy of the
greatest master is doing little more;
but to say that in every respect it is
worthy of the scene and the action, and
the hero whom it commemorates, is the
highest praise which probably can be
bestowed upon it. It is a fit monu-
ment to deliver to posterity of the me-
morable death of that glorious man,—

'In honour's cause whose life was past,
In honour's cause who fell at last,
For England, home, and beauty.'

The 'Design for his Monument,' 131,
is very elegant.

No. 95, 'General Johnson saving
a wounded French officer from the to-
mahawk of a North American Indian.' This
is also an excellent picture. The
three figures in the principal group are
very expressive of the different passions
and emotions by which they are actu-
ated. The cool bravery of Johnson is
well opposed to the savage ferocity of
the Indian; and the 'pain, not unmix-
ed with fear,' which is apparent on the
face of the French officer, is power-
fully delineated. 'Moses receiving
the Law of Mount Sinai,' 120. The
figure of Moses is strikingly grand and
energetic; and the disposition of some
parts of the drapery is most beautifully
arranged. The effect of this picture,
on entering the exhibition rooms, is
singular and magnificent; it is situated
in the inner room, and is the first paint-
ing which directly catches the eye; the
gleam of light which falls upon Moses
seems to be the result of chance rather

than art: this is certainly not well expressed, but it is in the description of these things that language fails.—This subject is treated in a noble style—in the style which Mr. West has employed in all his historical paintings; it is well calculated to exhibit that force of character and expression of features, in the delineation of which that artist has so ably succeeded; but a mere common artist, who understood the most popular principles of his art, could hardly fail of rendering a piece of this kind in some degree interesting; but the natural genius and cultivated taste of the painter are evident, when, on a canvass necessarily crowded with unharmonized colours and stiffly draped figures, he can produce such an universal variety as is apparent in 'the Death of Nelson.' There are two pictures of 'Pætus and Arria,' 104 and 140: the former would be most beautiful, were it not that the Pætus is too old and of rather a repulsive appearance—the other is worse. There is an exquisite 'Cupid and Psyche,' 132; and 'the Infant St. John,' 85, is perfectly lovely. 'The Bard,' 87, is a failure—there has scarcely been a painter of late years who has not tried to reduce the bard to canvass.—But here poetry has a decided superiority over the 'sister muse;' the mental embodying of Gray's 'sable-rob'd poet' is as distinct from what the painters give us, as the image of the 'blood-boltered Banquo' of 'the mind's eye,' is from the ghastly, patched, and unghostly figure which Mr. Pope or Mister *Who-ever-it-is* presents to view, when he rises through a trap-door to be started at by Mr. Kean. Want of time will prevent me from expatiating on the remaining parts of this exhibition; the greatest number of the paintings are full of excellencies, none of them are without beauties, but I pass over them to say a few parting words of the painter. The name of Benjamin West is a great name in the present age; it will be a greater in the next: his productions are of that class which 'gather fresh virtue from the lapse of time:' we behold his powerful and correct paintings with pleasure; in after times, our posterity will contemplate them with veneration. Mr. West has ever regarded the ancient masters with the eye of a noble and free imitator, not of a servile copyist—and there is a wide difference between imitation and plagiarism. He who imitates will emulate and improve his original, he who copies will spoil him. I have

been led into these brief observations with a view to exculpate Mr. West from the charge of barrenness, which the malicious tongue of envy has ascribed to him: but the truly great are never hurt by the paltry spite of the envious, no more than the proud cliff is by the waves that eternally fret in all the impotence of rage at its feet.

T. J. A.

The Drama

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Mr. T. Dibdin's comic opera of *Morning, Noon, and Night*, appears likely to outlive many a day, as it increases in popularity; indeed, it is the only good thing of the sort that has been produced for some years; the characters are well drawn, and in good keeping; the dialogue is spirited, and the humour at once chaste and original. We have seen many operas of this admirable writer in which he was more indebted to the composer than in the present instance, but the performers have done him justice, and rendered 'Morning, Noon, and Night,' one of the most attractive pieces of a season fertile in novelties.

On Wednesday, Mr. Poole's amusing farce of *Intrigue* was produced at this house for the purpose of introducing a Mr. and Mrs. H. Baker, from the Bristol Theatre, as Tom and Ellen, both of whom possess merit, and were very favourably received.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—The new operas and operettas, with the stock pieces of this theatre, have presented a very agreeable and attractive variety of performances during the last week, which have drawn good houses. Indeed, with so many attractive novelties in the hands of so excellent a company as this theatre possesses, it would argue bad taste in the public not to give the Lyceum very liberal support.

WEST LONDON THEATRE.—This very convenient little theatre has been fitted up with much taste and neatness, and opened under the judicious management of Mr. Brunton, who shews great spirit and liberality in his arrangements. The performances are good, and the performers, male and female, highly respectable; among the latter is Miss Brunton, recently of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, who plays every evening some popular character, and is deservedly a great favourite.

Literature and Science.

Colouring Matter in Crabs, Lobsters, &c.—It appears, from a series of experiments made by M. J. L. Lassaige, that crabs, lobsters, &c. contain a red colouring principle, which may be extracted by means of alcohol.—That this colour is not formed by the action of heat, but developed in the shell by the impulsion of that fluid.—That there exists in that class of animals a highly coloured membrane, which appears to be the source of the colouring matter, which is insoluble in cold or boiling water, but soluble in sulphuric æther and pure cold alcohol.

Surveys on the Mediterranean Shores.—Extract of a letter from Malta, July 19:—'Captain Smith, of his Majesty's ship Adventure, who has been employed for several years past, under the orders of the Lords of the Admiralty, in surveying several parts of the Mediterranean, and whose able and indefatigable exertions in that service have been attended with the greatest success, has lately returned from an arduous survey of the coast of Africa. He left Malta on the 5th of March last, for Bengazi, where he arranged with the land party destined to explore the interior, under the charge of Lieut. Beechy, respecting their journey to Cyrene. The Adventure then proceeded on to Alexandria, where she arrived on the 23rd of March. Capt. Smith then made a complete survey of the two harbours, the town, and its fortifications, and fixed its position as to latitude and longitude. Thence he proceeded along the coast to Catabathmos, took astronomical observations on shore, at the several ports and headlands, and completed a coast survey of the whole distance from Alexandria to Doma, at which place the operations had terminated on the preceding voyage of the Adventure. By this service, the hitherto unknown gulf of Syrtis has been thoroughly explored, and the survey of the whole coast between Tripoli and Alexandria is now, for the first time, entirely completed.—In addition to the valuable hydrographical information acquired by this survey, the sites of numerous ancient cities and stations have been accurately determined, and such data obtained as will throw very important elucidations on the writings of Herodotus, Scytax, Strabo, Leo, and Edrisi.'

Electric Conductors.—Mr. W. S. Harris, of Plymouth, has produced an invention for conveying the electric fluid by means of a copper conductor

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fixed in the masts, through the bottoms of ships. An experiment of its application was made at Plymouth a few days ago with complete effect, as will be seen by the following account from the Plymouth Telegraph:—

‘Though the application of conductors on land is generally judicious and their advantages are admitted, yet, on ship-board, where the effects of lightning are most to be dreaded, from the inflammability of the materials of which the ship and stores are usually composed, the introduction of electrical conductors has been lamentably neglected or injudiciously employed. This, indeed, may, in some measure, be traced to the difficulty of placing any fixed or continuous conductor in a situation so liable to change and motion as the mast and rigging of a ship; and consequently the only species of conductor that has been adopted is a chain, or long links of wire, one end of which is designed to be hoisted to the mast head, whilst the other passes over the side of the ship, and communicates with the water; but, independent of its defective construction from its small dimensions, the inconvenience of being constantly hoisted, and its consequent liability to be injured, are very obvious. This species of conductor is, therefore, usually kept packed in a case, and only hoisted on the approach of danger, which it may be then too late fully to avert. To remedy these inconveniences, Mr. Harris proposes to place in the back of the masts a slip of copper, which is to be continued to the interior or hole of the cap of each mast; consequently coming into contact with the mast above, the continuity will be preserved, without preventing the upper masts being lowered. The conductors of the lower masts are to be continued to the keel, and made to communicate with one or more copper bolts in contact with the exterior copper or the water. It must be clear, therefore, that this arrangement preserves a permanent conductor, so long as any part of the mast is continued, and as the masts of a ship may be considered as mere points when contrasted with a thunder-cloud, thus armed, they are virtually pointed conductors. To those acquainted with the action of points on charged electrics it will be obvious, and not too much to presume, that such masts will be highly efficacious in silently depriving a thunder-cloud of its charge, thereby giving to ships a degree of security of very considerable importance.

‘From these considerations, Mr. Harris was induced to submit a model of a complete mast, furnished with permanent conductors, to the inspection of the Honourable Navy Board, who expressed their decided approbation of the principle, and requested him to exemplify its efficiency by an experiment, which was carried into effect on Monday afternoon, the 9th. inst., on board the Caledonia, in the presence of the Navy Board, Sir A. Cochrane, Commissioner Shield, several captains in the

navy, and the officers of the principal dock-yard, in the following manner:—The Louisa cutter having had a temporary mast and topmast fitted with a copper conductor, according to Mr. Harris’s plan, was moored astern of the Caledonia, and at the distance of eighty feet from the cutter, a boat was stationed with a small brass howitzer. On the tiller-head of the Caledonia were placed the electrical machine and an electrical jar, with the outer coating of which a line was connected, having a metallic wire woven in it. This line being carried out of the starboard-window of the wardroom, terminated in an insulated pointed wire in the immediate vicinity of the touch-hole of the howitzer; a similar line was passed from the larboard-window, which communicated with the mast head of the cutter; and at the termination of the bolt through the keel, a chain was attached, connected with another insulated pointed wire in the boat, placed in the vicinity of the touch-hole, the space between the insulated points being the only interval in a circuit of about three hundred feet, from the positive to the negative side of the jar.

‘Some gunpowder being placed in contact with the conductor in the cutter, and the priming in the interval of the insulated points, the jar was charged, and the line attached to the mast-head of the cutter being brought into contact with the positive or inside of the jar, a discharge of electric matter followed, which was passed by the line to the mast-head, and by the conductor through the powder to the chain in the water, by which it was conveyed to the interrupted communication in the boat, where it passed in the form of a spark, and discharging the howitzer, returned to the negative or outside of the jar by the line leading into the starboard window, thereby demonstrating that a quantity of electric matter had been passed by the conductor through the powder (without igniting it) in contact with the mast of the cutter, sufficient to discharge the howitzer. Mr. Harris then detached the communication between the keel of the cutter, and the positive wire in the boat, leaving that wire to communicate with the water only; but this interruption did not impede or divert the charge, as the discharge of the howitzer was effected with equal success as in the first instance, the water forming the only conductor from the cutter to the boat. In order to demonstrate that a trifling fracture or interruption in the conductor would not be important, it was cut through with a saw, but this produced no material injury to its conducting power.

‘These trials, carried on under the disadvantages of unfavourable weather, could not fail of convincing all present of its efficacy, and called forth the decided approbation of the Navy Board in particular, which was evinced by Sir T. B. Martin requesting Mr. Harris to superintend the equipment of the masts of the Minden, seventy-four, and the Java frigate, preparatory to its general introduction into the navy.

‘It can scarcely be necessary to expatiate on the degree of security the adoption of these conductors must afford; and we trust the simplicity of their application will facilitate their introduction into the merchant’s service.’

The Bee.

Origin of the saying ‘Thou art a dog in a doublet.’—This saying is derived from a picture of the story of Meleagar and Atalanta, in which some of the dogs are represented with a kind of buff doublets, buttoned on the back, which cover closely the whole body of the dog, in order to defend him from the lacerations of the boar; and thus the saying ‘Thou art a dog in a doublet,’ meaning any person who has it in his power to hurt his neighbour with impunity, being himself guarded from any attack in return. E. G. B.

Curious Wager.—Some time in the year 1764, a gentleman being very ill, one of his acquaintances called upon him, and told him he would not live Christmas over. The sick man offered him 60l. if he would give him two shillings per day for every day he lived after Christmas; which the other agreeing to, an attorney was sent for, and articles were drawn up, signed, and executed; and, to bind the bargain, Bank security was given. Some time afterwards the invalid recovered, and, on Christmas day, received the first of his payment, which he continued to enjoy for many years afterwards.

E. G. B.

THE FEELING HEART.—A REAL FACT.
MISS SENSIBILITY, as her tears were flowing,
For the distresses of a fictitious tale,
Sigh’d o’er her novel,—all her praise bestowing
Upon the feeling heart of NANCY VALE.
‘She,’ cried the ardent fair, ‘a heart possessing,
In pity to her Linnet, braved the storm;
Her heart was like my own.—Oh! what a blessing
To have a heart that would not hurt a worm!’
Just then a fly upon her book descended—
Which caught the sympathising fair one’s eye;—
But then—just then—her pity was expended—
She squeez’d its life out, crying—‘curse the fly!’

Penner—A pen-case.—In the inventory of the goods of Hen. 5. Rol. Parl. is the following article:—*Un penner et 1 ynkhorn d’arg’ dorrez*; and, again, m. 20, *1 pennere et 1 corne covert du velvet blay*.

Burnel the Asse.—This story supposes, that the priest’s son, when he was to be ordained, directed his servant to call him at cock-crowing, and that the cock, whose leg he had former-

ly broken, having overheard this, purposely refrained from crowing at his usual time, by which artifice the young man was suffered to sleep till the ordination was over.

Errata for the Robing Room in the House of Lords:—In the embroidered arms at the back of the state-chair, for 'mondroit,' read mon droit; and on the letter-box, for 'two-penny post,' read two-penny post.

Finch.—To pull a *finch* was a proverbial expression formerly, signifying to strip a man by fraud of his money, viz.:—

If I may gripe a riche man
I shall so pull him, if I can,
That he shall in a few stoundes
Lese all his markes and his poundes.—
Our maidens shall eke plucke him so
That him shall neden fethers mo.

Also,—

Withouté scalding they hem pulle.

The following historical particulars, respecting Rouen Cathedral (destroyed by lightning on the 15th inst.), may not prove unacceptable to our readers:—It was founded, A. D. 990, by Robert, Archbishop of Rouen, brother of Richard the Second, Duke of Normandy, but was not finished till the year 1062. It was 410 feet in length, 83 in breadth, the length of the cross-aisles was 164 feet, and the height of the spire 395 feet. There were seven entrances to it, and 130 windows. It was one of the most costly and magnificent Gothic structures ever seen; it was literally frosted with ornaments; there was not the smallest piece of stone, not the back of a niche, nor the base of a figure, but was covered with the finest Gothic work. In it were interred the bodies of John, Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; Henry, brother of Richard I., and the heart of Richard *Cœur de Lion*, together with many other illustrious men.

A French officer, during his confinement in the Bastille, used to amuse himself with playing on the lute. He had long thus diverted his melancholy, when, playing one day, he observed, to his great astonishment, a number of mice issuing from their holes, and even spiders creeping forth. He repeated the experiment with the same effect several times; and even found some entertainment in observing the attentive audience which he could assemble whenever he pleased. We have no reason to suppose this officer an Orpheus, yet it is certain that his lute captivated animals which might be supposed insensible to 'the concord of sweet sounds.'

Umbrellas.—'Here will I mention a thing,' says Coryat, in his 'Crudities,' 1611, 'that although, perhaps, it will seem but frivolous to divers readers that have already travelled in Italy, yet because unto many that neither have been there, nor ever intend to go thither while they live, it will be a mere novelty, I will not let it pass unmentioned,' &c. 'Many of them doe carry other *fine things* of a great price, that will cost at least a duckat, which they commonly call in the Italian tongue "*umbrellas*," that is, things that minister shadow unto them for shelter against the scorching heat of the sun. These are made of leather, something answerable to the forme of a little canopie, and hooped in the inside with divers little wooden hoops, that extend 'the umbrella in a pretty large compasse. They are used *especially by horsemen*, who carry them in their hands when they ride, fastening the end of the handle upon one of their thighs, and they impart so long a shadow unto them, that it keepeth the heat of the sun from the upper part of their bodies.'

A good Shot.—A few days ago, in consequence of a trifling wager, the following occurrence took place, which certainly rivals the celebrated feat of William Tell. In a yard, within a short distance from our office, a professional gentleman, of this town, stood with a tumbler glass on his bare head, and with his face to another individual, a tradesman, who, at the distance of twelve yards, discharged a bullet from a cross-bow, at the glass, and broke it to atoms, without injuring in the slightest degree, the mortal target which bore it. Our readers may depend upon the truth of this statement; but we know not which they will deem to be the greatest—the skill of one of the parties, the nerve of the other, or the folly of both.—We suspect that this story, which appears in a Liverpool paper, has been maliciously got up to eclipse the temerity of Mr. Barber Beaumont, who, in a life of him we saw a few months ago, is stated to have had the hardihood or folly to hold a target for a corps of riflemen.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

Elegy to the Memory of Sheridan, and John Bull's Epistle from Boulogne Sur Mer, in our next.

We are much obliged to Thaira's Mother for her communications, and shall always be happy to hear from any member of the family.

We are sorry that we cannot serve Veritas by inserting his poetical effusion.

G. M. will find a letter at our publisher's.

This day is published, embellished with a highly finished Miniature by Mr. SMART, etched by I. R. CRUIKSHANK, and a fac-simile of his Hand-writing, price 6s.

THE LIFE AND EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES OF SAMUEL DENMORE HAYWARD, denominated the modern Macheath, who suffered at the Old Bailey on Tuesday, November 27, 1821, for the Crime of Burglary; with an Address to the RISING GENERATION, on the imminent Danger to be dreaded from what is termed being 'ON THE TOWN.'

By PIERCE EGAN, Author of Life in London, Walks through Bath, Boxiana, &c.

Published by SHERWOOD, NEELY, and JONES, Paternoster Row.

ROYAL CORRESPONDENCE!!!

The important Correspondence that has passed between HER LATE MAJESTY and the Princess CHARLOTTE from the period of the Queen's *advised Exile* from this Country, to the death of her lamented Daughter, *never yet published*, will appear in BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON and SPORTING CHRONICLE (price 7d.) commencing on Sunday next, September 22d.—Orders received for BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON, at the Office, 194, Strand, and by all Newsmen and Post-masters throughout the Kingdom.

N.B. The Death-bed CONFESSIONS of the late Countess of Guernsey and other authentic Documents connected with them, (3rd Edition, 12mo. price 1s. 6d.) are published *only* as above, by W. R. Macdonald.—All other Publications of this Work are imperfect Piracies.

ROYAL DISPENSARY FOR

DISEASES of the EAR, 10, Dean Street.—Mr. CURTIS, Aurist to his Majesty, and to their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and Surgeon to this Institution, will commence his AUTUMN COURSE of LECTURES on the ANATOMY, PHYSIOLOGY, and PATHOLOGY of the EAR, and on the Medical Treatment of the Deaf and Dumb, on Tuesday, October 1st. For particulars, apply to Mr. Curtis, at his House, No. 2, Soho Square. The Royal Dispensary is open to Pupils.

PIANO-FORTES WARRANTED.—

W. PINNOCK most respectfully informs those Ladies and Gentlemen who are desirous of obtaining Piano-Fortes of superior quality and workmanship, that having made several ready-money purchases of new and second-hand Instruments, he is enabled to offer them on remarkably advantageous terms; and not being confined to any particular maker, his stock comprises the greatest real variety of any house in London. Ample time for trial given, with liberty to exchange if not approved of. A liberal price allowed for old Instruments. Tuning; and Piano-Fortes let on hire. Engraved specimens of new Pianos and a Catalogue of Music gratis. Any lady or gentleman wishing to exchange their Instrument for a new one, will be waited upon at their request.—267, St. Clement's Church Yard, Strand, London.

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